

Seven Spook Events.

A woman died under suspicious circumstances in a small house near Marshall, Ill., last November. Since then it is said that a form in white has been seen to pass in and out of the house at the same hour each night.

On a farm near Springfield, Mo., a spectral rabbit lingers about an old well, into which the dead body of a murdered peddler was thrown many years ago. The animal is bullet proof. No matter how many shots are aimed at it, it maintains its position day after day.

A New York widower, on the night of his marriage to another woman, was surprised by a visit from the spirit of his first wife, who delivered to him a lecture on the evil of his ways, giving him to understand in the most emphatic language that she strongly disapproved of his course.

As a Maine judge was riding past a graveyard one moonlight night, he thought he saw a ghost. There was something white on top of a tomb and it moved. Getting nearer, he saw its eyes gleam. But determining to solve the phenomenon, he advanced into the graveyard and discovered that the spectral object was only a stray sheep.

An elegant Indianapolis mansion is empty and is offered for rent at a very low figure. The owner vacates because he is tired of the racket kicked up by invisible midnight visitors. Furniture is turned upside down and the piano played by unseen hands. A ghostly finger appears and traces on the mirror letters of the color of blood, spelling out the word "BeWARE!"

A correspondent of a Cincinnati paper says that while he was in the army in 1863 he awoke one morning on hearing his name called by his sister's voice. No one else heard the sound, and the occurrence passed from his mind a few days later, when he received a letter from home stating that his sister had died on the very day he was so strangely awakened.

Madam, Dak., has a spook and is proud of it. A man named Lansing died in 1881 in a house which has been vacant ever since. Those who pass the place in the night time see strange lights flitting about in the deserted rooms, and hear groans and cries of distress. One farmer who had the courage to look in the window declares that he saw Lansing, with a face as pale as death, lying on the floor.—New Moon.

A Steak That Cost \$20,000.

The trip of George Francis Train around the world has recalled some of his eccentric doings when he was wealthy. Nearly twenty-five years ago he was in Denver and had called for breakfast for breakfast, insisting that he wanted it broiled. It came to him fried. He abused the waiter and the cook, but he got no satisfaction, and finally swallowing his anger and a portion of the steak wandered out into the office, where he met the proprietor. The subject of the steak was discussed between them in animated language for a few minutes, when Train suddenly asked: "Say, what will you take for this hotel and get out to-day? You don't know how to run a hotel." The proprietor named \$45,000 as his price, which was a figure far above its real value. "All right," said Train; "I'll take it. Make out the papers at once and I will make out a check for the amount." The hotel was duly transferred to Train, who discharged the waiters and cook, ran the establishment for two weeks, called in an auctioneer and sold out everything to the highest bidder. When he settled up with the man of the red flag he found that he had paid just \$20,000 for that fried steak.—New York Press.

It Was a Surprise.

A guest at one of the mountain resorts who was charged 10 cents for a glass of lemonade made a prompt and vigorous kick saying: "This is nothing short of highway robbery and I don't submit to it." "My friend," said one of the clerks, who had been called on to adjust the matter, "what do you suppose our object is in keeping this hotel?" "To accommodate the public of course."

"Exactly, but that's not all. We intend to make money at the same time."

"You do?"

"Of course we do. We must have a profit even on our beer." "Then I'll pay my bill and go! I like to see everybody get along, but when the clothing store in my town sells a suit of clothes for half off I'm not going away from home to pay somebody full figures and a little more on top of them."—New York Sun.

The Guileless Victim.

"Fork over your money," said the footpad sternly.

The belated pedestrian reluctantly complied.

"Here is all I have," he said, handing over a twenty-dollar bill, "and I am a hundred miles from home, don't know a soul in this city and haven't had my supper yet. If you have a spark of humanity," he implored tremblingly, "give me a dollar to get home on."

The footpad tossed him a coin and vanished up a dark alley.

The next day he discovered that his innocent victim from Uphreecreek had got a dollar in good money out of him in exchange for a counterfeit twenty-dollar bill.—Chicago Times.

THE COUNTRY EDITOR.

If He is the Right Kind of a Man He can do Well Anywhere.

"What some of your funny men on metropolitan newspapers would do without the country editor to crack a joke on occasionally, when their think-tanks have run dry. I do not know," said the proprietor, editor, dramatic critic, news reporter, business manager, foreman of the composing room of a thriving weekly sheet published in a town adjoining New York, while he was on a visit to the city the other day, to a New York Tribune writer. "When we are thinking of the famous city newspapers and the vast influence they exert, we are apt to underestimate the important place occupied by the country newspapers. More people read them than you would suppose. Right here in your city I have seen busy men, men of affairs, leading politicians, millionaire merchants and railway magnates receive their mail in the busiest hours of the day, and stop two or three minutes to pick out, unfold and glance over the columns of the little newspapers published in their native towns. Every name there is familiar to them. Every thing that goes on in those little hamlets interests them. Then the rush of business sweeps along again and the little paper is thrust into an inside pocket to be read from headline to the last advertisement at the first half hour of leisure."

"Then the residents of the country towns want their local papers for other reasons. It is true that many a country editor fills his sheet with such items as: 'Postmaster Stickem has shaved off his goatee,' and wonders that his paper is despised and neglected, when all the time several thousand people would be glad to see something really valuable from his pen. But if a man with brains takes hold of it his personality is soon felt, recognized and welcomed. The field does not seem, on the surface, to be an inviting one, and for that reason many a bright young newspaperman is swallowed up, unknown, in the big cities, who might be a shining light in a smaller community. Naturally when an ambitious young fellow leaves college to enter the ranks of newspaper workers he seeks a connection with one of the mighty papers of the land. He feels the power within him which will speedily set all wrongs right and open the eyes of all men to their best interests. It does not take long to get all this knocked out of him, and unless he possesses unusual ability, not only above, but far above the average, he soon acquires the habit of regarding newspaper work as a mere means of earning so many dollars a week."

"He sees that he is doomed to obscurity in the city; that he is a mere part of the machine. He helps to turn out an admirable paper, it is true, but no credit comes to him from it. So he frets or he submits. If he frets, there is hope for him in the country. Let him take hold in a town of 5,000 people, say. If he has capital to start a paper for himself, so much the better. If not, let him do some good work on the paper already established there and it will be quickly recognized. Let him make acquaintances with discretion. It will not be necessary for him to hang around the liquor stores discussing with every idler about the tariff. When he is able to make a close estimate of what it will cost him to establish a paper, and can argue his case in a convincing way, let him approach some man with money, or who can control money, and who can be inspired with confidence in the would-be editor's plans."

"Then when he is started, let him take pains to find out what the people are thinking and talking about and beat that other fellow who is covering the same field for some city daily. People in the country have minds just as well as those living in the city, and the live breezy, newsy country journals exceed in circulation the dull ones, just as they do in the city. If a man has individuality, here he can let it run. His job office in many instances pays him better than his paper, any way, and he can live in comparative affluence, with the consciousness of being his own master, able to say to the public over his own signature just what his ideas are on all current topics. There's a good deal in that, too, for most Americans."

"Many and many a country newspaper gives cause for wonder why people ever read it and why anybody wants to publish it. But offer to buy out its editor and you will be thunderstruck at the price he will refuse for it. The position is a fascinating one. He is looked to by a large part of the community as a leader in all movements, religious, political or social. He is frequently a power in more than mere local affairs, and for a man with political aspirations there are few better callings in which to start."

"A bright, newsy weekly, with a paidup circulation of 2,500 and a proportionate amount of cash advertisements, with a small job office, will give a man \$2,500 clear (worth \$4,000 in the city) with plenty of time to read, improve his mind, keep abreast of the times, and maintain his social affiliations, and will assure him about 10,000 readers, on whom, if he has brains (and if not, for Heaven's sake let him keep out of newspaper work of any kind) he may exercise a potent influence."

A Good Rebel Bird.

Gen. Forney of Alabama told a good story of the war, not long ago, in a cloak-room of the house of representatives. He heard it from the lips of the a confederate officer, who got it direct from Judah P. Benjamin, the confederate secretary of state.

Jefferson Davis and his cabinet were at some little town in North Carolina, on their way to Texas, after Lee's surrender, when they heard of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. The news appalled them. A council of war was held. All felt that the indignation of the north over Lincoln's death would be so great that summary vengeance would be wreaked upon any members of the confederate cabinet who were captured. Benjamin struck out for himself. He tried to make his way to the sea-coast and take his chances of escaping to Europe. He had little money. At first he was assisted by members of his own religious faith. But in time his supplies ran out and he had anything but a pleasant experience. He understood that there was a large reward offered for his arrest. The country was scoured by federal cavalry and several times had narrowly escaped capture. He finally reached the boundary of Florida and Georgia. It was unsafe for him to apply at plantations for shelter. He slept in thickets and wherever he thought it would be safe. One night, hungry and footsore, he went to sleep upon a bed of pine needles in a scrub of saw palmettos. Soon after daylight he awoke. A sharp falsetto voice shouted: "Hurrah for Jeff!"

It startled him. At first he thought that it came from some Yankee trooper on his trail, and trying to lure him out. The mocking birds were singing in the pine trees above the palmettos, and finches were twittering in the tops. Occasionally a cardinal grosbeak flew over him. All the time, however, he heard the words: "Hurrah for Jeff!" uttered in the shrill falsetto tone. At last he ventured to raise his head and cautiously peep over the scrubby palmettos. Nobody was in sight. He raised himself to his full height, which was very short, and looked around him.

"Hurrah for Jeff!" was repeated. He saw, a few yards away, a parrot sitting upon the limb of a burned pine. He quickly concluded that the owner of the bird could be trusted. He approached the parrot which gazed with apparent interest, and then began to whistle "Away Down in Dixie." A moment afterward the bird flew a hundred yards or more and again shouted: "Hurrah for Jeff!"

Benjamin followed and soon arrived at a plantation in the edge of a hammock, shaded with live oaks. Its owner lived in a large log house, with a cartway through the middle. The chimneys were built upon the outside of the dwelling, and there was a row of negro quarters nearby. A tall Cracker sat upon a stoop dandling a half-naked boy upon his knee. Benjamin asked him if he owned the parrot. He replied that he did, and added: "That bird's a rare old rebel, like the rest of us."

Thereupon Benjamin made himself known, and was treated with the utmost hospitality. More than that, the Cracker gave him a mule and saddle and after that he had no difficulty in making his way to the coast.—New York Sun.

To Mend Rubber Shoes

It is sometimes very convenient to have a cement for India rubber, by means of which a worn spot in the overshoes, or any rubber article, may be repaired without expense or trouble. To make a small quantity of such a cement, sufficient to keep for emergency purchase 5 cents' worth of red rubber from some dealer in dentists' supplies. Cut it into bits, put in a bottle, and cover it with chloroform. In about ten minutes it will be dissolved. It should be applied with a brush like a nailbrush. Do not leave the bottle uncorked for an instant, except while removing the brush, and apply the cement as rapidly as possible, or it will harden. Where there is a large hole a piece of what is known as "rubber dam," which may also be purchased from a dealer in dentists' supplies, may be useful. Cut out a piece of this of suitable size, fasten it over the hole with a few stitches, and brush over the rubber with the cement. Care should be taken not to inhale any chloroform, nor to leave this cement where children can get to it.

The Lightning Rod Season.

Now is the time for inhabitants of the rural districts to conjure up the annual thunder storm scare and invoke the shade of Ben. Franklin by converting houses and barns into the semblance of colossal metallic porcupines. Scoffing neighbors console them with jeers, but perhaps erect wooden rods to scare away that "hardy perennial," the lightning rod agent. Something is to be said on both sides of the question. It is quite certain that a well-grounded network of conductors will avert to a very great extent danger from lightning, but it is extremely likely that the same result is not attainable by the average rod that thrusts its point a few inches above the chimney top. It is well to remember that a few tall trees around a house form a very efficient and artistic system that is always well grounded and never needs overhauling.—Electrical World.

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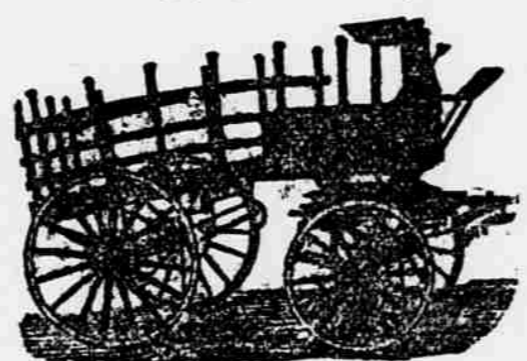
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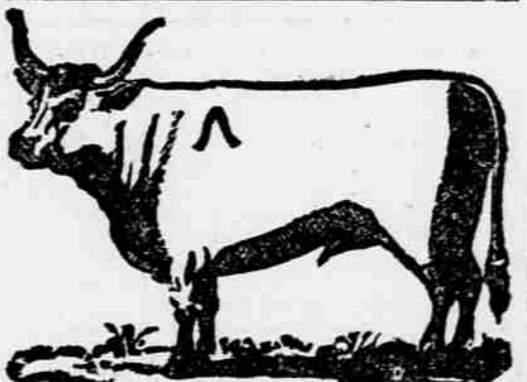
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